Robin's Adventures in Ylisse

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Summary: When a young tactician wakes up in Ylisse, little does he know his life will change forever.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

Author's Note: This is my first fanfiction, so this may not be good as some other stories out there. I hope you'll enjoy it! Also, this may be kind of short because it's only a premonition. Finally, I will try to update it and fix grammar as often as I can.

Disclaimers: 1) I do not own Fire Emblem: Awakening or claim to own it or any other companies that made it.

2) If you don't like the content of this story, don't read it. AKA, read at your own risk (not that risky though).

3) Don't post comments about how bad the story is in the comments (I expect a lot of this, since this is my first story). If you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything at all.

Premonition: Invisible Ties

"This is our final battle!" Chrom shouted. "You're one of us, Robin! Now lets kill this dastard and be done with it!"

Robin slowly muttered a chant as Chrom charged towards a sorcerer. The sorcerer fired a blast of dark magic at the prince—a deadly shot.

"Thoron!" Robin yelled and released the stored up magic, intercepting the sorcerer's shot.

At that moment Chrom took Falchion and struck the sorcerer in the heart, killing him. In a blast of purple aura, the sorcerer fell forwards but managed to fire yet another blast of magic towards Chrom. Robin shielded Chrom and took the hit himself.

"You alright? Thanks to you, saved the day," Chrom told Robin, helping him up.

Suddenly, Robin's vision began to blur. Streaks of red began to engulf his eyes, and he felt as though some unseen force took over his whole body. At that moment, Robin fired Thoron straight through Chrom's chest. Blood spurted uncontrollably out of Chrom's chest, and he fell forwards limp.

"WHAT HAVE I DONE?!" Robin yelled, having regained control of his body. The cackling laughter of the dying sorcerer was the last thing he heard before his vision turned black.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Author's Note: I've decided to include a tiny untold tale because it is too short to put down alone. I've also decided to include only the first half of the actual prologue because the first half is too long. Complete opposites. Anyways, this is my second chapter with excessive dialogue. The same disclaimers mentioned from the first chapter still apply. Enjoy!

Prologue 1: A Tiny Untold Tale

The air around the fainted Robin began to swirl. A gap in space and time—the Outrealm Gate—began to appear and suck the tactician inside its mysterious grasp. Robin, still fainted, was thrown back in time—even back into a different timeline altogether.

Prologue 2: The Verge of History Part A

"-e can't just leave him here," a woman's voice spoke.

Robin opened his eyes. Staring up at him were a teenage man and woman, each inspecting him with careful and curious eyes.

"Hey there," the woman spoke again.

"There are better places to take a nap than on the ground, you know," Chrom said and hefted up Robin off of the ground. There was one last man—a knight in a full suit of armor.

"Thank you, Chrom," Robin involuntarily replied.

"Oh, so then you know who I am?" Chrom inquired.

"No, I... it just came out of my mouth," Robin replied.

"What's your name?" Chrom asked.

"I… I am not sure."

"I know what that is! It's called amnesia!" the woman offered matter-of-factly.

"And we are supposed to believe that you know milord's name, and not your own," a knight in full armor chimed in.

"But… but it's the truth. I…"

"Chrom, I suggest we take extreme caution with this lad," the knight interrupted.

"You can come with us," Chrom told Robin.

"Milord, I would not recommend that action. This man seems rather shady, and the idea that he does not even know his own name is a load of pegasus dung," the knight once again advised.

"But what if it's the truth? What shepherds would we be to leave him behind stranded like this." Chrom challenged.

"Still…" the knight's voice trailed off.

"We'll take you back to town," Chrom offered.

At that, the three marched along the road. Robin hurried after them.

"Am I to be your prisoner?" Robin asked while walking.

"Once we establish you're no criminal at Ylisstol, we'll let you free," Chrom replied, continuing his march.

"Is that where we are? Ylisse?" Robin questioned.

"Somebody pay this actor! Man, his act is seriously convincing. Especially that confused look on his face," the knight commented, much to Robin's annoyance.

" Frederick! The place where we live is called the Halidom of Ylisse, or simply Ylisse for short. Anyways, my name is Chrom, but you already know that. That woman over there is my sister LIssa. She is kind of delicate-"

"Hey! I am not delicate!" Lissa chimed. A small chuckle escaped from Robin's mouth.

"-and that knight over there is Frederick," Chrom continued. "We call ourselves the shepherds. There are a lot more to us, but they're out patrolling somewhere else."

The smell of smoke suddenly entered Robin's nostrils and Chrom's brow furrowed. Screams could be heard.

"Milord, somebody has set fire to the village up ahead!"

"That was totally not obvious, Frederick. Clearly we need to get going now!" Chrom told the group.

"What about Robin?" Frederick asked calmly.

"IF HE'S NOT ON FIRE, HE CAN WAIT!" Chrom replied hastily, charging into the battlefield. Lissa and Frederick hurried after him, leaving Robin all alone. In his head, Robin knew he could escape easily. But something in his gut told him otherwise. Robin ran after Chrom and the others.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Author's Note: This is part B of the prologue which I split in two. Once again, the same disclaimers from the first chapter still apply. And as always, happy reading!

Prologue 2: The Verge of History Part B

Robin rushed into the battlefield—a ravaged marketplace. A strong stench of smoke singed his nostrils.

"Everybody, let's go!" Chrom rushed forwards past one of the abandoned market counters.

"Chrom, there's an enemy hiding there!" Robin warned.

Sure enough, an brigand leaped out from behind and attempted to strike Chrom with his bronze ax. Chrom blocked the attack, elbowed the bandit to the ground, and impaled him with Falchion in the chest.

"But… but…. how?" Chrom asked amazed. "How did you know there was an enemy behind there?"

"I can… see things on the battlefield. I can see the chief, how many bandits there are, and where they are hiding. I.. I honestly don't know how. That's one more mystery to solve."

"Very well. Lead the way, 'tactician'!"

Wait, did Chrom just call Robin his "tactician", Robin thought. He puzzled over those words and involuntarily stuffed his hands inside the pockets of his cloak. Something old met his hand. It was a yellow book that contained cryptic handwriting. As soon as Robin had finished inspecting the curious object, a brigand brandishing an iron sword rushed towards him. Robin shut his eyes and sputtered some random words. He was sure his death would arrive. When he didn't feel pain in the next four seconds, Robin looked up. The bandit was laying on the ground, dead.

Robin reflected on the events that just preceded and shook his head. How did I know the words to the chant, Robin thought. Frederick is going to kill me for this one, he thought.

"Milord, he used a tome. This is more evidence that he is not helpless. Again, we should practice caution with this man."

"Can you control the time?" Chrom shouted to Robin from across the field, completely ignoring Frederick. "Should we stay behind you?"

"Yeah, I can control it alright," Robin answered and retreated. Something on his belt hit his leg as he retreated. A sword. This day keeps on getting weirder and weirder, Robin thought to himself. Who could've guessed Robin woke up armed? "Frederick, run behind the next market counter and expect an enemy!"

With reluctance, the knight followed his commands. Sure enough, a bandit was hiding there. Frederick quickly pierced the badit's body with his silver lance and ended his days. Robin gaped at the display of raw power.

Surveying the battlefield, Robin spotted a brigand rushing towards Chrom. The brigand managed to hurt him, but the damage Chrom sustained was little. Looking to his left, he called out to the only person not engaged in combat. "Lissa, can you do anything in battle?"

"I can't attack, but I can heal people with my staves!"

"Great! Go and heal Chrom!" Robin commanded.

Lissa did as told, and Chrom's bleeding began to stop. Chrom then sliced Falchion through the bandit vertically and the bandit fell off of his sword.

The battle raged on, and brigand after brigand were annihilated. Soon, the only brigand left was the bandit chief himself.

"CHARGE!" Chrom shouted. Battle was met between the chief and Chrom. The chief hurled his hand axe at Chrom, but he managed to dodge the attack. Chrom charged forward, but as soon as he was close enough, the chief attempted to strike Chrom with his ax horizontally. Chrom parried the attack by positioning his sword vertically and counterattacked. Parts of the chief's armor fell off. "**FOR YLISSE!"** Chrom bellowed and pierced Falchion into the brigand's chest.

"Thank you, shepherds!" The villagers could not stop thanking the four of them. "How about you join us for a feast?"

"No thanks. I am sure your food tastes delectable, but we must be off to Ylisstol," Frederick replied quickly.

"I like dark meat with soup prepared without sal-" Lissa realized what Frederick said and pouted. "But... It's nearly dark!"

"We'll eat off of the land, and make beds of twigs! You mentioned that we should get used to that living style," Frederick replied with a grin.

"You know? Sometimes I really hate you," Lissa commented.

They set off to march.

Once they were out of earshot, Lissa yelled and pointed at Robin, "Back there you were AWESOME! Weaponry, tactics, and sorcery! Is there anything that you can't do?"

"I agree. You aren't just any helpless civilian," Chrom added.

"Indeed. Maybe now you will be willing to explain to us who exactly you are?" Frederick yelled.

"I... I honestly have no clue myself. But please believe me. I have told you everything I know."

"Well, he fought to defend Ylissean lives, and that's good enough for me," Chrom said and patted Robin on the back. "Would you like to join us, tactician?"

"I would be honored, sir. Also, my name... it just came to me right now. It's fuzzy, but I'm fairly certain that it is Robin."

"Robin, huh? It has a nice ring to it," Chrom commented. "Well, we better find food and a good place to camp before night falls!"

Frederick, who had scouted ahead for enemies, food, poisonous toadstools, large pieces of shrubbery, and rocks with a diameter of greater than an inch, appeared. "Milord, there is a young bear about 27.5 meters ahead. I suggest we corner it and have it as our dinner."

Frederick turned out to be the one to kill the bear, as neither Chrom nor Robin volunteered. Chrom and Robin munched away at their bear meat, while Lissa and Frederick refused to eat their portions.

"Eating bear is messing around with the food chain. Frederick understands!" Lissa told Chrom.

"Well in any case, it's time we get some sleep," Chrom told them, and with that, he crawled into his tent.

Soon, Robin was the last awake. When sleep did not find its way into Robin, he walked outside into the night sky. Never before had Robin had so many questions and so few answers. Had Robin been in any other situation, he would have felt completely lost. But somehow, it felt like what was happening to Robin was fate. Chrom, Frederick, and Lissa seemed no longer strangers but family to him. Robin leaned back on a large rock, his eyelids becoming heavier and heavier by the passing moments. Invisible ties, Robin thought as he nodded off to sleep under the light of the stars.